

the old man and the angel

By Warren Griffiths

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Our story begins where many end,
At the edge.
Of a roof.
On a building.
In the city.

If anyone at street level had bothered to look up, they would have seen a lonely figure at the precipice head bent forward, looking down at the scene below him. But busy people don't look up. They are too busy being busy to do that. And so there he stands unnoticed, trapped in the act of about to perform an act that will end his life.

He surveys the scene complete with potential landing spot, a black Mercedes convertible no doubt owned by some posh wanker:

Probably a lawyer.

Or an Accountant.

Or such like.

Who cares.

Well, at least I will go out in style. It's the closest I will ever get to being in a Merc.

He expands his view to the surrounding area filled with scurrying populace too busy being busy to notice him.

Look at them running around in their ignorant little lives. So completely oblivious of what is going on around them like thousands of tiny little ants. I could just tread on them just like ... that...

He floats a foot in front of him squashing each little human bug in turn making a splat sound each time. They continue to scurry around seemingly too busy to notice their demise.

"Watcha doing?"

"Ah! ... What?"

Caught totally off guard by the voice that just should not have been there, he jumps uncontrollably, losing his footing in the process.

"Shit!"

He tries desperately to regain his balance his arms swinging around in the hope that if he manages to grab enough air then he could somehow pull himself back from oblivion.

Shit! His mind screams at him, I'm going to die. Yea I know that's why I was here in the first place but now it's actually going to happen I've changed my mind. Too late. Shit!

"Shit. Shit. Shiiiiiiiiiiiiit!"

Time seems to crawl as if wanting to stretch out the torture of his demise for its own sadistic pleasure. Every second is traced in slow motion and minute detail like you see with those fancy slo-mo cameras they use for sports replays. I mean those things are amazing. I'd love to get my hands on one of them ... I'm not going to say what for but I'm sure with a bit of imagination...oh right ... sorry ... I digress.

For a while, he seems to balance right on the edge before gravity wins out and he tilts forward headlong into the abyss of his inevitable end.

"Noooooooooo!"

Whoosh!

Everything is a blur, spinning, colours and shapes blending into one crazy kaleidoscope, then...slam!

Seemingly, in no time, he is lying on his back gasping for air both from the breath being knocked out of him and the sheer terror of the ordeal.

Wow, that was quick!

Somehow, he was expecting it to take longer with him floundering in thin air, his voice slowly trailing off into the distance just like in the movies.

But wow, he actually did it. He topped himself, even if accidentally!

Blimey that's a bit of a mind ... you know what ... isn't it? He is actually dead isn't he? He must be because there is an angel hovering above him, surrounded by the sky so blue in which puffy white clouds sauntered without a care. She was a vision of incredible beauty. Her hair a glowing cascade that falls down towards him like a golden shower ... wait ... no ... um. How about you forget that, OK?

Children, under no circumstance are you to ask Mummy and Daddy (or Mummy and Mummy or Daddy and Daddy – let's keep up with the new modern world shall we?) what a golden shower is! (Although I am rather curious what the response would be) I know, how about you decide what her hair colour is OK? But she is still gorgeous, unbelievably gorgeous.

Like the most gorgeous creature that had ever lived.

Christ, he thinks, if I knew Heaven was going to be like this I would have topped myself years ago!

The angel seems to be studying him. This is probably what angels do with newbies. It struck him that she seemed vaguely familiar even though he

had never seen her before. Maybe this is an angel trick to make people like him feel at home.

"Are you ok?"

Her voice sounds like an orchestra of harps all played in perfect harmony. Actually it probably just sounds like a voice but in his dazed state it took on majestic (Bloody hell, that's a bit over the top isn't it?)

Ok? His internal monolog repeats, *Yea I suppose. I mean I'm dead of course and I've got a rotten headache. But apart from that, yea not too bad. Death seems to agree with me.*

"That was a pretty close call."

"What?"

"You were lucky I managed to grab you in time otherwise you were a gonna," she continues.

At this point, he reluctantly tears his gaze from her and turns his head to see the familiar surrounds of the roof.

Ah. So I'm not dead then and you're not an angel oh but you are still a heavenly beauty.

He wants so much to rip her clothes off, bathe in her beauty and then ravish her until the end of time itself but he settles for, "I'm Warwick."

She takes his outstretched hand, "Juliet."

Juliet. Sweet Juliet. If only he was called Romeo then this would be perfect.

Wow, I bet no one has said that before!

And so, as we survey the scene we find our hero, a somewhat ill fitting title given the circumstance although that may change as the story unfolds, prostrate on the concrete roof being attended to by someone who has been described in heavenly terms.

But what are the odds that on a lonely hard to get to roof of a near empty apartment block some stranger would happen to turn up right at the moment he was preparing to take his last step ever? Was this destiny? She beat him to the question.

"Why were you up here?"

He grimaced slightly as he sat up, "Committing suicide."

"Oh and I ... I'm so sorry ... I didn't realise. You didn't actually look like you were going to jump. In fact, you looked like you were trying not to."

"No well I was up here committing suicide alright."

"I see ... you don't seem very good at it."

"Well, I've not had a lot of practice. I thought I would give it a try to see if it worked out for me."

"And?"

"I'm not sure it's the career move I'm really looking for."

Warwick stands up slowly still shaky from his experience.

'Maybe one day I'll have the guts to actually see something through to the end,' he mutters to himself.

"Sorry?"

He changes the subject quickly in order not to have to explain himself.

"So what brings you up here then to save me from myself?"

"I just moved in on the fourth floor and was having a look around when I saw that the roof door was open."

She pauses, "You could still do it, assuming that you were interested in doing it. I could stay until you were gone so you wouldn't spend your last moments alone."

"I've kinda lost the mood now."

She nods her head in an understanding manner. "I understand." There was a slight pause then Warwick, perhaps still in a state of shock, did the one thing he thought he would never do, he asked a girl out.

"Do you want to help he shorten my life with alcohol instead?"

She smiles, "A much nicer way to go. Sure."

And so, moments from supposedly ending his sad lonely miserable life, Warwick Montgomery Guilford found an angel and a reason to hang around just a little bit longer.

There was a problem of course. While Warwick had managed to ask the girl out he had no idea what to do with her next. Really? C'mon Warwick there are websites that cover that sort of thing in graphic detail. Well so I'm told. I read an article about it in a magazine I subscribe to – S&M monthly!

No, no THAT he can still remember how to do. The problem is how does he get a girl to the point where he is able to do ... that? Ah, that old

chestnut. Don't ask me. If I knew the answer to that one, I would be having sex instead of writing really bad short stories!

...

Warwick's local haunt was not the classiest joint in town by any means. Even if you redefined classy to mean total crap this place still wouldn't make the grade. It was dingy, falling apart and smelt like things had been done in it that are really not worth thinking about. Not only that, but it smelt like those things were done some time ago and no one bothered to clean them up.

Also, it was not a place where pretty girls visited very often judging by the way the local imbibants reacted to Juliet's arrival. Suddenly there was an eerie silence as everyone stopped muttering to each other and turned to stare. It was rather unsettling, made worse by the fact that the locals then decided that they wanted a closer look at the strange looking human. They gathered around her like Hollywood zombies each trying to grab a bite. It was only when Warwick opened the curtains at their table did the drinking dead retreat back into the shadows ever peering ... waiting.

They sat at the table peering uneasily into the glasses of amber. It was Juliet who took it on to start the conversation.

"So what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a dentist."

"Oh, and how's that working out for you?"

"I was on the roof contemplating suicide."

"Point taken."

Pause ... long pause ... awkwardness rising.

"What about you?"

"I'm ... um ... at uni."

"Ah, studying what?"

"Law ... I think."

"You think?"

"I don't turn up much."

"So what do you do with your time?"

"Oh ... you know ... stuff."

"Like rescuing old men from committing suicide?"

Her face lights up in response. "Exactly!"

From that point, they start to relax and gradually share each other's life stories, or some sale-able highlights version of such, and for one beautiful afternoon Warwick feels what it is like to be a normal human being and be able to talk to another normal human being without having to stick things in their mouth first. I'm talking dentistry here people! Eventually, when evening threatened to take away their protective light, they left the dump and wandered back to their place of residence, which so happened to be another dump. At the entrance to her door, they say goodnight.

"I enjoyed today."

"Me too. How about we do it again, perhaps even tomorrow?"

Warwick is astounded, like unexpectedly slapped in the face kind of astounded.

"Really?"

He is too astounded to conceal how astounded he is.

She smiles, "Sure, you are a fun kind of guy. I'm glad I saved your life today." She kisses the now speechless and still astounded Warwick on the cheek and retreats to her flat.

He regains his composure, sprouts a smile, spins around, does a little jig and falls down the stairs! Probably should have looked where he was standing first.

"Are you OK?" a muffled voice queries from the other side of the closed door.

"Fine ... nothing to see here," the idiot responds, hurt.

And that's how it began. The old man, tired of life meeting up with the beautiful young girl so full of it. What adventures will they have I wonder? That's a rhetorical question. I already know what happens. You will just have to find out.

...

Warwick wasn't really that old, not physically anyway. But mentally and emotionally he had lost his youthful edge at quite an early age. Eroded by

disappointment until smooth and featureless. Now he just spends each day going through the motions as dictated by routine and an inability to break free.

He didn't really want that much out of life. He never sought fame or fortune just a simple happy life and yet somehow even that seemed too much to ask for.

He had contemplated suicide before but somehow he could not take that final step. And that was Warwick's life really, unable to go that one step further, to take a chance. He was the guy who would run away from a fight, who couldn't ask a girl out, (today being the exception due to shock) who couldn't stand up for himself. He would be one of those people who would steer away from someone in trouble because he didn't want to get involved. Not because he didn't care, but ... well actually he didn't really know why.

The upside of all of this was he didn't have to care about anyone else or face the prospect of them leaving him. The simplicity meant that he lived a risk free life that left him free to do anything he wanted. Except this was Warwick and it seemed that he couldn't do anything other than what he was doing now.

But suddenly, there was this pretty young thing actually asking to spend time with him. This was a bit much to process and Warwick was getting a headache trying. He was feeling a bit dazed and confused.

I'm not complaining, but what is going on here?

Part of his problem was that Warwick didn't have a lot of experience when it came to successful interactions with younger members of the opposite sex, particularly pretty ones. His only other intercourse, for want of a much better word, in the last God knows how many years involved the all too brief conversations with his receptionist.

Conversations were usually brief with his receptionist mostly because they spoke different languages. Well, technically they both spoke English but she spoke 2014 English whereas his was a somewhat more dated version that was in serious need of an update. Much about Warwick was in need of an update. To be fair, he had recently installed a patch that helped him to finally understand words such as internet and email although social media and illegal downloads were still beyond him.

"So what you doing?"

"Facebook," came the disinterested reply.

"Facebook? I ... see."

This was a strange concept because Warwick couldn't remember a time when he ever saw her face in a book. In fact, he wasn't overly convinced that she could even read. But he didn't want to let on that he had no idea what she was talking about in case it made him look uncool, more so. Is it still cool to say cool or uncool? I'm not really sure.

To be honest, he had hired her for her looks and the slightly delusional possibility that something might happen between them. It did, and it was called awkwardness. It helped to lower his self esteem that little bit further.

...

Tomorrow took ages to arrive mostly due to a long night where he couldn't sleep due to the excitement of actually spending a day with someone else. Not even the time-tested act of relieving the tension worked for him tonight. No, I'm not going to expand on that, use your imagination!

Eventually though, in an act of mercy, the morning did arrive. There was a nervous tap at her door. It opened to reveal the same vision of beauty that had saved his life the previous day.

"So where we going?"

Shit!

He hadn't actually thought that far ahead. He had become so wrapped up in the excitement of actually going on a date, if that was what this was, that he completely forgot to plan where.

*Idiot! Stupid f***ing idiot.*

Now kiddies, while I suspect you actually already know what letters the asterisks are hiding, let's just pretend you don't shall we? That way we don't have to worry about the whole adult content thing. That will keep the censors happy ... f***ing dictators! Anyway, Warwick was in a dilemma. He was also in jeans and sneakers and he had tucked his shirt in OMG!

"Um ... how about we just walk and if see something good we can go there."

She smiles, "Cool."

Wow, so it is still cool to say cool ... Cool!

They vacate the building and head towards the park that borders the river. Eventually they find a cafe where they drink coffee and eat cake in the sunshine. Then they wander and do some more chatting about nothing in particular. Sometime later, after the almost mandatory visit to the local tourist haunts, they grab a bite to eat whilst watching the Sun slip below the horizon.

Then they see a movie, 'Cloud Atlas'. Several hours after the movie had ended Warwick still hadn't figured it out but he never let on and gave up trying. After the movie, they ate some Mexican. By that I mean they ate Mexican food, they didn't attack some hapless South American and eat him ... silly. By the end, they had managed to fill in an entire day and most of an evening as well ... most impressive Wazza!

Once again, they found themselves at her door saying goodnight and once again, to his surprise, another date was suggested at a time to be arranged. This time however, the dance occurred well away from the stairs.

It had occurred to him that suggesting a nightcap might be the go but in the end he chickened out. It was probably just as well. All that chilli and bean stuff had caused somewhat of a disturbance in Warwick's intestines and he was grateful to finally be by himself in his apartment so he could relieve the pressure if you know what I mean. It escaped with such force that he was convinced that he was forced forward several centimetres as a result!

...

The next day was Sunday. Sunday normally consisted of waking up, spending the day wandering around in his undies and worn t-shirt and subjecting himself to the torture of what constitutes entertainment on commercial TV. True to form, he woke up in his undies and worn t-shirt and was thus prepared for the forthcoming day's events.

There was a knock at his door. That did not usually occur on a Sunday or indeed any other day. He opens it to a bright beaming face.

"I've come to take you shopping."

"But I don't need anything."

She looks him down and up, "Yes you do. Come on."

She grabbed his hand and dragged him out of the building. It should be said at this point, to protect what was left of Warwick's dignity, that he was permitted to clean himself up, put on fresh undies and t-shirt, and

cover them in something more suitable for wearing in public. Then she grabbed his hand and dragged him out of the building.

Anyway, soon they were on the bus to the main shopping precinct. This was not a place Warwick was familiar with. Fashion was something that skinny pouty poker faced barely post pubescent girls wore. It was not the place for sad lonely men who had become old before their time. But, he went along with it because well he was with her and while he was with her he was not a sad lonely old man so what the hell.

He tried on clothes, reluctantly at first but then he started to join in the act. He even started to improvise with his combinations, something that was quickly stamped out! Warwick had to admit that while he had originally felt a bit peeved by the whole experience by the end he had to agree he did look good.

At the end of the day, he had a new outfit. A shirt, not too form fitting for obvious reasons which was worn over a pair of stylish jeans, not too tight for obvious reasons. Plus one or two other items. He wasn't sure how much this had hit his credit card but what the hell. It had been years since he had bought new clothes. He sort of figured that if you hung onto something long enough then it would become fashionable again. Of course, you would have to continue to wear them during the unfashionable years as well. A small price to pay for paying as little as possible. Besides, no one could tell under his dentist garb so it didn't really matter.

Now he had new clothes thanks to the lovely Juliette, and his credit card. The question was ... why? It struck him that she had decided to turn him into a project. The question was ... why? And who was this person who suddenly popped into his life? The young vibrant beauty who wanted to spend time with him, not people her own age. The question was ... why?

The fact was he didn't know anything about her, even after all that talking the other day, apart from her name and an estimation of her bra size!

Well, let's face it, up until now he didn't care. The whole hanging out with such a heavenly beauty was more than enough. At some point during the day, he even started calling her Angel after the first day they met.

Remember that day? He was about to jump, she saved him, hair like a golden ... you know. If you need a refresher, it's back at the start. She didn't seem to mind so he kept on doing it.

Something else struck him this day ... he felt happy. He hadn't felt that for so long that at first he thought there was something wrong with him. But no, something was right. Something was very right.

...

A hard day shopping can sure build up a hard-earned thirst and beer was definitely on the menu. But not at his usual haunt. He didn't want to go back there and have Juliette gawked at again. In fact, even if he was by himself he didn't want to go back there. Something had changed. His taste seems to have accidentally improved.

Instead, they found somewhere a bit more upper class. Somewhere that smelt of good food not something has died somewhere and no one can be bothered finding out what.

I think this may just become my new local.

They consumed their beer unmolested and this time the talking was easier. The subject matter was less so

"Why do you stay here?"

"Where else would I go?"

"But you're not happy."

In a second of honesty, he had to agree with her.

"I did think about working in the outback at one point. Or even overseas in a rural community. I even got the brochures."

"So what stopped you?"

"I did." He pauses, "I always do."

"Why?"

"I figured that I wouldn't be up to it. I'm not good with change."

"But you could so easily change everything, live a whole new life. Become a whole new person." She quickly put her hand up in a stop sign, " ... not that I'm saying there is anything wrong with the old person. But ... if you are not happy then why not change things?"

It all sounded so easy when she said it but she wasn't him. She was everything he wasn't and he almost resented that fact.

"It's OK for you. You are young and free and have your whole life stretching way out in front of you. You can do anything. Go anywhere." She had an instant response.

“But so can you. You've got stacks of years ahead of you and you have no commitments. So why not go?”

He hung his head like a schoolboy who had just been scalded. He didn't want to face the truth, he wasn't sure he wanted to be part of this conversation anymore. God she was pushy. Stunning but pushy. If it wasn't for the fact that he wanted to ... well you know ...

She reached forward and lifted his chin with her finger so she could look into his eyes. Somehow, she seemed to know what he was thinking.

“You need to believe in the impossible.”

If the impossible means getting into your pants ... sure!

“Do you?”

She smiles, “Every day.”

...

A fortnight flew by so quickly as time has a nasty habit of doing when you're not paying attention. The visits and outings remained regular and they slipped into a kind of familiarity that people who normally spend a lot of time in each other's company do. The questions regarding whom, how and why disappeared and he slipped into a happy acceptance of his situation.

And so after all this time all he knew about her was her name and the fact that she is beautiful beyond compare. But that was all. She remained a mystery, a beautiful mystery that fuelled fantasies in all the men that observed her including him, he just couldn't help himself.

Clients started to note that he seemed a little different to the norm. He seemed ... well ... brighter almost like he had an injection of personality. There was even a bit of light chit chat and was that a joke? Well it was so bad that it was hard to tell. My dog has no nose indeed!

Only his receptionist seemed to not notice the changes. She just kept on as normal completely ignorant of what was going on around her. Although there was one time when she gave him a glance. When he wasn't looking, there was just a little flick of the eye as if noticing him for the first time. It was soon over and she returned to whatever she was doing which was probably facing or defacing a book, I'm not sure.

...

Warwick had stopped thinking about meaningless his life was even though it was pretty much the same as it always was, Juliette being the sole difference. Ah, but what a difference! It's amazing how easy it is for one person to completely change someone else's view of the world. Suddenly there was a reason to be positive. Whenever he was with her, he felt good about life. She was someone he could really look up to especially since she was a good two inches taller than he was. And for all intents and purposes, she seemed more than content to spend her evenings with him and not anyone else even though she easily could have anyone she wanted.

He had no idea what she did during the day when he wasn't around. He assumed it was study. What else could it be? She didn't seem to work which raised the question of how she was able to pay her way.

Probably has a rich daddy somewhere busy underwriting his little princess' life style. Although, considering the apartment block they were living in, he wasn't being massively generous.

He wondered what her daddy would say if he knew that she was hanging around with some old crusty like him. He probably wouldn't be too pleased. Warwick smiled to himself.

Well it's not my problem.

The song 'Common People' popped into his head thanks to the local radio. It seemed to fit the situation so it stayed there for the rest of the day buzzing around without much else to distract it.

Life is good, thought Warwick to himself as he wrenched out a septic tooth and cast it into the tray, *life is good*.

...

It was another beautiful sunny day as he made his way to the surgery with the rest of the workday crowd. His thoughts were, as was usual, with his youthful often present friend. It occurred to him, fleetingly, that he would really miss her if she was ever to lose interest and move on.

Actually, he hadn't previously considered the concept of her moving on.

Oh my God! That thought made him stop in his tracks which was probably not the best move in the middle of peak hour commuters. The resultant confusion led to a widespread questioning of his heritage from a large number of people he hoped he would never meet again.

His world began to close in on him. His life had become so wrapped around her that the concept of her not being there didn't occur to him. But why would she stay? She had no real reason to. But what if she goes? What would he do then? The prospect of returning to his old pre-Juliette life was almost too much to take. His thoughts returned to the rooftop. Maybe that is where he will return one day.

No not yet please, give me a little more time. Is that too much to ask for?

He wasn't chirpy that day. There was no chitchat or terrible jokes just quiet polite responses. Even his receptionist seemed to be showing some concern or she could have been confused by a big word in one of those books she was facing. It's hard to say without actually asking her.

...

It was a long hard day. An endless parade of drilling and filling. Of bad breath, bad teeth and inane nothingness. It was a slow form of torture and showed him no mercy as the day dragged on its anchor until it finally berthed in the evening letting him disembark.

At the end he was happy to leave the world on the other side of the door that clicked shut behind him. Two seconds later, there was a knock. He sighed. Once upon a time, a knock at the door would have been an event worth noting but now it had become a regular event.

"Hi watcha doin'?"

She seemed to be in a particular perky mood. Well she was in fact all round perky. He almost felt the need to excuse himself. I think you know what for. It wouldn't have been the first time.

"Um ... Nothing exciting. I was just going to drink some beer while watching the football."

"I like beer and football," she beamed.

"Right ... um ... do you want to share?"

"Thought you would never ask."

She danced past him, jumped and landed on the couch with none of the grace that one would expect of someone with her beauty.

He gave a look to no one that reflected the conflict of wanting to be both with her and to have some quality sulking time alone at the same time.

Then, resigned to his fate, he played host. Beers were open. Snack food was placed in an assortment of mismatched bowls. On went the telly.

Down went the snacks and beer.

Soon pizza turned up. It was eaten and followed by more beer. They talked, laughed, watched and cheered, went boo at the appropriate time and generally behaved like thousands of other people all over the country.

And that's when it happened. Whilst sitting on the couch next to her, Warwick became aware of a creeping feeling that had managed to consume him bit by bit until it could no longer be denied. Warwick had fallen in love and there was nothing he could do about it.

Shit! What the hell am I going to do now? Shit shit ... shit!

There were occasions in the past where he had felt something similar but nothing like this for quite some time. This was so over-powering that it was almost impossible to contain.

Something drives him to do something about it, to take it to the next level. Break through that final barrier. But that's not what Warwick does.

He doesn't take chances. I mean what if it all goes wrong?

Oh God.

He feels sweaty, like a teenager about to go on a first date.

Oh my God that's it!

He is just like a pimply teenager just before the first date! Well, without the pimples that is, or actually being a teenager. Then it just blurts out while he was distracted with the whole teenager date thing.

"Dinner?"

"We've already eaten."

"Yes ... No ... not now, but soon. Proper dinner. Restaurant, wine, candles, waiter ... you know ... dinner."

She stares at him stony faced and silent. That wasn't the response he was expecting.

Shit!

He has ruined everything. He has gone too far.

Told you so. Never take chances you idiot!

He can only imagine what is going through her head. Perhaps pity for this pathetic old man who thought he might actually have a chance with her.

You stupid moronic fool!

Then slowly her face morphs into a smile.

"I'd love that", she said ever so softly.

Warwick's heart skipped a beat, hopefully from joy but maybe arrhythmia, it's a bit hard to tell.

...

Right, its time to put this internet thing to good use for a change. As opposed for that no good use that happens all too frequently. Hmmm that place has a good name, 'The Bounty'. Let's look at what it says

'The chef takes pride in choosing only the freshest ingredients selected from the most environmentally conscious farmers. Each meal is artistically presented to harmonise the interaction of flavours of each freshly prepared morsel. 'The Bounty' sets the benchmark in presentation and taste with each creation.'

Right sooo really expensive and small servings then. Sigh, the things we do for love or whatever this is.

He stopped and thought for a bit,

What was this? Why was she hanging around with me? It can't be for my money 'cause I clearly don't have that much and, to be brutally honest, I ain't the best-looking boy in town, I know that. Yet here I am about to have an expensive meal with her. How can this be? It is clearly providence, but why?

So many questions, so few answers.

...

Tonight the city is sparkling. This was a new sight for Warwick. He had never seen the city at night. Why would he? He never went out.

Wow, it's amazing how much better this place looks in the dark when you can't really see it!

The taxi pulls up outside 'The Bounty' and a gloved hand opens the portal to sophistication and apparently a benchmark in presentation and taste. They step out, he in a hire suit all black and formal and she in a red number that is almost sprayed on before swishing out in a thigh high split. There was nothing about how she looked that wouldn't anyone say amazing.

They waltz into the restaurant arm in arm steps perfectly synchronicity. They are guided to their table, seated and presented with their leather bound menus. She stands up a second later.

"Order some bread oh and the fish."

She swishes off towards the toilet turning heads in the process.

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